JOE'S SNOWPLOUGH.

A Further Adventure of the Street Boy Who Used His Wits.

Copyright, 1901, by Charles Battell Loomts. It was not long after Joe Dempsey had started a bank account by peddling boiled eggs to the icebound passengers on a North River ferryboat, that he improved another opportunity to make money and the way of it follows these lines.

One day he had to carry a valise for a man who lived near the southern entrance to Central Park, and for doing this he received a quarter of a dollar and his carfare downtown. It was snowing hard, and it had been snowing just as hard all night long and Central Park looked so nice and white that he entered it and began to amuse himself by throwing snowballs at som little boys who were out with their nurse

But he soon tired of that as the little boys were too young to be afraid and not old enough to return the compliment in snowballs of their own, so he stopped and walked idly along a path until he came to a man driving a snowplough to clear the walks of snow.

The sight of the plough set Joe's little brain to working so hard that he stopped walking and then turning on his tracks he ran for a southbound car and was soon he ran for a southbound car and was soon on his way home. If a big plough would keep a big path clear, a little plough would clear a smaller one, and although he did not own a horse or even a pony, he knew other animals who could pull a plough and he determined to get hold of one of them without delay.

But first he rhust make the plough. So he went to his old friend, Jim Bagley, once more. Jim was a produce merchant in Washington market.

"Jim, leave us have an ol' box an' a ham-mer an' a few nails"

The good-nature mer an' a few nails?"
The good-natured marketman said:
What is it this time, Joe? Go'n' to make
another fortune?"
"Well, I'm goin' ter try fer fair. I've

some boys never need any instruction in the use of tools, while others go on hamin the use of tools, while others go on hammering their own nails and missing the bought ones, until their hair is gray. Joe belonged to the former class and it did not take him over an hour to fashion a rude yet strong plough made in the form of a right-angled triangle. Then Jim gave him some rope and a couple of staples and the plough was in shape to be pulled as soon as a four-legged puller could be procured. There was a boy named Carl Schauss, who lived in the same court that held the residence of Joe, and he was the owner of a strong dog, part bull and more parts cur, a combination that produces a very

cur, a combination that produces a very desirable sort of dog in the way of fidelity and courage and sagacity. Joe lost no time in finding young Schauss, and al-though he did not hire out his dog and wagon, made out of a cracker box, as a general thing, yet the profier of a silver quarter overcame all possible objections, and so Joe, seated in the box wagon, was soon being drawn by the stout dog to Wash-ington Market, where the plough awaited The going was not very good, as

The going was not very good, as the snow was several inches deep, and Joe wished that he had a pair of runners on the box that could be let down and used when needed, the wheels being hoisted up until they should come to a bare place. I don't see why such a combination would not be a good one, and I wonder that Joe did not immediately go to work to put a

not be a good one, and I wonder that Joe did not immediately go to work to put a lot of wagon-sleighs on the market. But perhaps he thought that one idea at a time was all he could attend to.

"Where'd you get the sausage meat?" asked Jim when he saw the dog.

"I'm takin' him to sell to a butcher. But say, am't he all right to pull me plough?" Oh, that's what you are up to! said Jim. "Say, you'll get to be an Edison before you die. Is it snowing yet?"

"Snowin' to beat der band an' I'm go'n' uptown w'ere the big bugs live. I'll buy yer out to-morror."

with Jim's help the plough was placed With Jim's help the plough was placed.

V fashion on the cart, and boy and dog and vehicle went out into Washington street.

Joe had ridden on trucks in two ways.

One way involved less trouble and less One way involved less trouble and less talk at the beginning but generally resulted in a short ride and much language at the end of it. That was when he jumped on the tailboard without asking leave. While some drivers did not object, most of them howled to him to get off, and tried to reach

second way
"Hey," he said to the stout, jolly-looking
driver of a truck, party loaded, ""go'n
far uptown?" "Up as far as Eighth street."

"Well, me dog an' me is go'n' as far as that, an' if you want us fer company dis is ver last chance."

The driver burst out laughing and stopping his horses helped Joe lift dog, cart and plough onto his wagon. Then he in-vited Joe to share his seat.

Joe to share his seat.

Joe certainly had a way of getting what he wanted, but whether his way would always prove good if used by others. I cannot tell. His rather pathetic little peaked face may have had as much to do the succession getting his way as his peaked face may have had as much to do with his success in getting his way as his words, but it is a fact that where other street boys found fights and resistance, Joe found kind friends. Probably the explanation is that Joe wanted friends and you can generally find what you are looking for. If you're looking for trouble

to booking for. If you're tobaling for to borrow to need not go even so far as to borrow it, as you probably know.

The journey up town was necessarily slow, but Joe enjoyed the ride, which is more than can be said of the dog, who would have much preferred to imitate the horse and do a little pulling himself.

By the time they got to Fighth street.

horse and do a little pulling himself.

By the time they got to Eighth street
the snow had almost entirely ceased, and
men were going about with shovels lookling for jobs at cleaning the sidewalks.

And then Joe found that he had forgotten to bring a shovel, and how was he going
to clean out the front door varis without

ten to bring a shovel, and how was he going to clean out the front door yards without one? The snow plough looked a little too wide to go through the gates.

The driver helped him get his load off, and drove off with good wishes. Joe had some trouble in fastening the dog to his new contrivance, and when he had finally succeeded he did not know just what to the wife the general will the harmy thought. do with the wagon until the happy thought

do with the wagon until the happy thought came to him to put it on top of the plough, and thus add weight to it.

"Get ap," said Joe to the dog, whose name, by the way, was Teddy, after the Colonel of the Rough Riders. Teddy threw himself forward and walked off with plough anything else since puppy-hood.

The plough worked to a charm and left a clear track in the middle of the street. Joe experienced a feeling of exultation as the snow heaped up along the sides of the plough and left a clear place on the readway. But now the next thing to do was to get a job at cleaning a sidewalk. He might work all day in the middle of the street and no one would even thank him.

He went up the stoop of a dwelling house on the corner of the street and said to the girl who answered the bell: "Clean the sidewalk for a quarter?"

The maid shut the door in his face and Joe thought he had been repulsed, and ran down the steop and up the steps next door, but before he could ring this bell, the girl opened the steet. Then seeing him

girl saw that he was not one to be cheated of his due without a disturbance, so a re-luctant two dimes and a nickel fell into

nictant two dimes and a nickel fell listo his palm.

A crowd of the boys on the block had been attracted by the unusual sight of the dog plough, and long before Joe had finished the first job he had several orders waiting for him. When the dog showed signs of being fatigued by his work, one of the boys tied an extra rope to the plough, and Joe went into harness with Teddy, and between them they cleaned all the sidewalk on the block in a little over four hours.

He would have done even more work,

block in a little over four hours.

He would have done even more work, but an ill natured man with a shovel came up to him and threatened direful things if he didn't stop taking the bread out of honest men's mouths by using a plough. Joe might have argued it out with him, but nightfall was at hand, and the dog was tired and he had made over \$3, so he decided to knock off and call it half a day, and began to look out for a conveyance to take him downtown again.

to look out for a conveyance to take him downtown again.

By rare good luck he espied his friend of the early afternoon, the truck driver, and he was only too glad to have the boy's company downtown, and as his load was lighter, they made better time. Joe telling his story as they went, and the dog Teddy content this time to ride at the expense of his friends, the horses.

Another snowfall came in the night, but next day Joe did not have to go so far to seek for work, as the fame of his contrivance had spread around the market, and he hired the dog for another day, and by night he had added over \$4 to his earnings He found that without the weight of the wagoo the plough ran more easily and just wagon the plough ran more easily and just as well, so Teddy was able to work without becoming tired, and so many passersby said "Good dog," that I dare say he was glad he had secured the job.

FURNITURE OF TO-DAY. New Styles Brought Out Twice a Year -Better Taste the Rule.

"Furniture manufacturers," said one of them, "get out new styles twice a year, for

the fall and for the spring trade. "When the commercial travellers com in from their spring tours in June, or rather before they start out on their fall trip, in July, the new designs are all ready for them. The artists and designers have been at work on these for the six months preceding.

"No furniture drummer carries actual samples of what he has to offer, unless it might be of some patent folding chair or something of that sort, that it was desired to show in operation. The furniture manufacturing trade is largely divided into lines; some concerns confining themselves to tables, some to chairs, and so on; but a single chair concern, for example, might make as many as 500 different varieties of chairs; and obviously to carry a full line of such samples a man would have to take a carload at least and maybe more, and he would have to hire a store to show the samples in. So he exhibits samples by the medium of photography.

"There are photographing concerns that make a specialty of photographing furniture and produce excellent pictures; and by their aid, if, indeed the furniture concern does not maintain a photographic plant of its own to do the required work, the traveller is enabled to carry a carload or more of furniture under his arm, easily, in the shape of stout portfolio of fine photographs.

*Competition among manufacturers t largely responsible for many of the new styles. At first, years ago, manufacturers were occupied mainly with providing as cheaply as possible something that would serve the desired end, and having practically reached the limit in that direction they turned their attention naturally to

cally reached the limit in that direction they turned their attention naturally to producing things in greater variety and of more grace and beauty for which there was a greater demand owing to the great improvement in public tasts.

The many new styles constantly coming out of course displaced many old ones which pass out of use. Some of the styles thus displaced are reality good; but they have to go, something has to go to make room for new things constantly coming. You take, for instance, chairs. Where there was produced fifty years ago one style, there are now put out fifty styles.

"Of course, in the enormous variety of furniture now produced there are to be found cheap, poor styles, but, nevertheless, the standard of taste has been greatly elevated in all lines of goods, so that there is nowadays produced furniture at low prices that is also graceful and beautiful.

is nowadays produced furniture at low prices that is also graceful and beautiful.

"In a general way it may be said of the better class of goods that they run less than formerly to ornamentation, as such, and more to classical designs, and designs peculiar to historical periods. And so with all furniture there is exhibited on the part of a now very large and constantly growing number of purchasers a correct taste. People don't buy anything and just put it anywhere. They buy things that not only are beautiful in themselves, but also suited to the house or the room into which they are to go or they make the room as to color and decoration suit the furniture.

the furniture.

"And this is true of people of moderate moderate."

"And this is true of people of moderate means as well as of very wealthy people; and it may easily be that the dweller in a flat as well as the owner of a big house may know what is correct as well as what is beautiful and insist on having it.

"There are nowaclays pienty of people, young and old, who know not only what Plemish oak means, but also for instance the difference in characteristics between one Louis period and another, slight as in some cases this difference may be. This present day wide knowledge of what is correct and what is beautiful, and of what is historically accurate, comes from many causes; from the teaching of drawing in the public and private schools; from general education and cultivation, and the general increase of comfort and of luxury. And surely it is subject for congratulation that in these modern days, even though one's purse may be limited, he can easily surround himself, as indeed more and more people are all the time doing, with furniture of grace and beauty as well as of utility."

A SEA CAPTAIN'S NEEDLEWORK. At the Age of 85 He Whiles Away Time on

Fine Embroideries.

From the Boston Evening Transcript Joseph Franklin of Charlestown cele-brated his eighty-fifth birthday anniversary recently in a decidedly novel fashion. He entertained more than two hundred guests in his home on Sullivan street with an ex-hibition of his own needlework. His daughters and several young friends assisted him in receiving and in displaying the embroider a clear track in the middle of the street. Joe experienced a feeling of exultation as the snow heaped up along the sides of the plough and left a clear place on the roadway. But now the next thing to do was to get a job at cleaning a sidewalk. He might work all day in the middle of the street and no one would even thank him.

"He went up the stoop of a dwelling house on the corner of the street and said to the girl who answored the bell: "Gean the sidewalk for a quarter?"

The maid shut the door in his face and not hought he had been repuised, and rail down the stoop and up the steps next door, but before he could ring this belt, the girl opened the door again and locked up and down the street. Then seeing him she said.

"The missus says yes, an' come to the basemint when ye are through, an' not be makin' me climb the stairs for the like of you."

"So brought his dog from the street the basemint when ye are through, an' not be makin' me climb the stairs for the like of you."

"So brought his dog from the street and to his joy be found that the plough would just go in at the front yard gate, so he began to clear the snow in the yard first and the drag was so bright and knew so well what was wanted of him, that it could not have been more than a quarter of an hour when the whole job was done and all the snow lay in the middle of the street. He rang the area bell this time and the drag was so bright and knew so well what was wanted of him, that it could not have been more than a quarter of an hour when the whole job was done and all the snow lay in the middle of the street. He rang the area bell this time and the drag came to the door after a wait.

"What is it we want now?" said she, not noticing that the job was done and the looked out and saw his dag and plough. "The missue have the looked out and saw his dag and plough." In the layers he has well as the profession of the finese hard and conclusive the him in this could be also be a face and hall the snow has a day and plough the found of the finese had been mo ies Hundreds of specimens were shown delicate linen centrepieces, elaborate ta

AND GENTLEMAN GEORGE HAS A VISION OF WEALTH.

Hunt of the Escaped Convicts for the Gold Shown to Peg-Legged Jimmie's Chart—The Prison Warden Appears on the Scene -Peril of Gentleman George

From the Notebook of Gentleman George, After his unfortunate love affair I noticed marked change in Smithers. He grew silent and sullen, losing that devil-maycare air, which had been so distinctive part of his personality. Always reckless he now became desperate, a very different matter; for while recklessness lives in the present, it yet hopes for the future; but there

s no to-morrow for desperation. I must admit that I encouraged this change by casual references to the fickleness of womankind and the hoplessness of any reform for an old lag like him. I was building all my hopes on Peg-Legged Jimmie's lost mine. If we found it, then good-by forever, so far as I was concerned, to the shady life of which Smithers was a part. A confederate properly belongs to adversity; when prosperity comes ought to be discharged. I therefore, kept Smithers on edge for any impending crisis calculating that his desperation might be

my salvation And I was in a provident mood. Notwithstanding the changes in our personal appearances, an apprehension of pursuit was continually with me on our westward way. I recalled all Smithers had told me of the pertinacity of the warden, stimulated as it was by wounded vanity and budding ambition. I recalled the eager, avid face of Donald the shoemaker, who had discovered our identity only to have both quarry and reward elude him. I reflected, too, on the circumstances that had pre-vented Rosie, Smithers's sweetheart, from accompanying our flight; and I realized, as he could not, that through them the hue-and-cry against us must have in-creased tenfold. Besides all this, there was something

within me which whispered beware had always despised psychology, finding the life of my five senses quite sufficient had always despised psychology, finding the life of my five senses quite sufficient. But yet, but yet, something clusive, persistent, separate from thought and far more impressive, did warn me that far behind, yet drawing nearer, were the avengers of blood. I felt it as the stag feels the hunter, and, though he has reached a remote and virgin glade, trembles and starts anew. An acute feeling, an awful feeling; the more acute, the more awful feeling; the more acute, the more awful, for its lack of definition.

for its lack of definition.

We reached a certain southwestern town in safety and went to the one hotel to develop our plans. Ten miles away lay the famous mountain pass, through which a stream of prespectors, speculators and miners was pessing into the gold country. Some-where on the side of a peak just beyond and generally shunned as inaccessible and barren lay a gully in the side of which along a subterranean water course, long since dried. was the magic pocket from which Peg-key and the magic pocket from which Peg-Legged Jimmie had drawn an exhaustless supply of nuggets. According to what he had told Smithers, there would be no

he had told Smithers, there would be no need of mining. The gold was free, ex-posed, almost pure, waiting to be picked up and borne away.

The first great matter to be settled was whether this lost mine really existed. We had never doubted it in prison; old Peg-Leg had been so direct in his statements fortified as they were not only with news-parer climpures, recenting the legends. paper clippings, recounting the legends, but also with the chart, minutely setting forth signs and trails. But a prison is the but also with the chart, minutely setting forth signs and trails. But a prison is the home of credulity, as one realizes as soon as he leaves. The prospect there is always rose-colored, and dreaming is so confirmed a habit, as to be more real than reality itself. self. Peg-Legged Jimmie may have been absolutely sincere, and yet his mine might consist of nothing more than a coincidental newspaper account which he had chanced see, and a chart constructed out of his

own inner consciousness.

However, we had gone too far not to go to the end; and so we decided that a reconnoissance should be made, but by one rather than both. The arguments in favor of this course were obvious. The one going would attract less attention; while the one remaining would watch and, if necessary, warn. The selection, too, was plain, since I was as far removed from rough as Smithers was fitted for

as Smithers was fitted for it. Therefore, he proceeded to spy out our Canaan, while I held the post of honor in the rear.

The great wooden barrack of a hotel seemed desolate enough after my companion had departed. Beyond the coming and the going of the stage-coach each day with its transients there was little business. and the going of the stage-coach each day with its transients, there was little business and but few guests. It was understood, in the office, that I was a prominent Fastern lawyer named Abrams investigating an ancient Spanish title, and that being confined to my room by illness, my assistant was making the necessary inquities and searches. The story was pat enough to enable me to escape from the dirt and dust below, and partake of the fried monstresities called meals by myself, without strosities called meals by myself, without exciting either curiosity or prejudice. Our room, in the centre of the second-story front, afforded a view of the long

stretch of roadway, white with alkali. Sit-ting in the shadow at one side of the window and fortified with tobacco and some spirit and fortined with topacco and some spirit-ous nutriment not altogether poisonous, I kept my watch, at the same time going Napoleon at St. Helena many hands of patience the better. It was dull, deadly dull, so dull that one day I was just about to throw my character to the winds by descending to the fare and monte of the

to throw my character to the winds by descending to the faro and monte of the barroom, when the safety of this dulness became apparent by its sudden flight. There was a puff of dust in the distance, a cloud, as the rapid wheels of a private conveyance drew near, and out on the porch stepped the warden with a quiet-looking man, whom I took to be a detective and, above all things, Donald the shoemaker, in a new suit of clothes, his broad red face engirt with a smile of counciete. red face engirt with a smile of complete satisfaction. I had barely time to hang a towel and a coat on the knobs of the two side-doors when a voice in the room left told me that I had acted none

*Come away from there and don't dis-"Tome away from there and don't dis-turb your better," said my landlord sharply.
"I told you onct I had seen neither hair nor hide of the men you're after. Him in there is a top-notch lawyer from N'York named Abrams, who's down with the aggy."
"I unly wanted to pay me respicts in an unassumin' way," explained Donald the

unassumin' way explained Donald the shoemaker.

"A lawyer of reputation from New York? said the warden "He's just the man to straighten out our papers. I wonder if I may see him."

"Not through the keyhole," replied the landlord sulkily. "but I'll ask when I take up the dinner-tray."

That event of daily interest would occur in about an hour. I therefore, concluded that to avoid suspicion from refusing to see a prospective client, I ought to have a relapse. So I undressed and got into bed and with the aid of my mental anxiety had no difficulty in presenting a woful countenance to my landlord when he came in on hospitable cares intent. He offered countenance to my landlord when he came in on hospitable carcs intent. He offered with a plea for rest and quiet. Determined, however to do something to show his sympathy, he expide my shows in a corner, still grimp with the dust of our arrival, and bore them way in triumph. I was a thinkil, Jarge, he said, 'that I was a thinkil,' Jarge, he said,' that I was a thinkil was a thinkil was a thinkil was a t

out on this, leaving my door locked, and either pass through the house by way of one of the end windows or, better yet, slide down a post to the ground. Nothing very difficult or desperate in all this; and yet as I lay there, dragging out the endless minutes, I shook so from apprehension, I might well have had the "aggy," my friend and landlord had talked about.

Six o'clock came and with it the landlord bringing tea and toast, and my shoes highly polished. I assured him that a night of undisturbed slumbers would doubtless put them and me on my SMITHERS FINDS HIS MINE

night of undisturbed slumbers would doubtless put them and me on my feet again; he promised me in turn such a period of peace, and took the first steps toward insuring it by tiptoeing out. Seven o'clock 8 o'clock, 2 o'clock, came and went, without a word from the adjoining room, without a step in the hall, or a breath at the door, to suggest that suspicions had been aroused. I began to regain my self-command, to even be hopeful of a successful issue after all. Once with Smithers in the pass, we should have a lead which, in any event must make their stern chase a long one. And then, oh then, if he had found the mine, and in the mine the nuggets, where could we be safer than while in that unknown glade, except when facing the world under the omnipotent agds of untold wealth.

So I was musing, almost clate, when

So I was musing, almost elate, when there was a curious slipping, sliding sound from without, the shutters opened, and Donald, the shoemaker, sprang lightly into the room, with a bulldog revolver in his hand

Well, Jarge, he said, I hopes you hev shaken yerself togedder alang of yer aggy."
"What do you mean, sir, by this intru

sion?" I demanded, sitting up and making as if I would ring the bell. "It manes, Jarge," he went on with his tormenting smirk, "that howiver much the eye of sinse might be decayed by thim the eye of sinse might be decayed by fully whiskers of yours, I never cut mistake the shoes the b'y was polishin' up this arternoon for L'yar Abrains of N'York. I remimber well, whin I got thim off the deef dago for a pair of the barber's braces with a ha'-pund of tay t'run in, and traded thim to Smithers for yes own gintle use. thim to Smithers for yer own gintle use for nathin less than a pewter quarter for nathin' less than a pewter quarter, t'irty plugs, and wan rale nigger-head, besides the spring bidstead the banker bequathed him whin he croked up in the 'orspital. I'm often found wantin', Jarge, as the old lag said whin he wint on the blink, but if I unly sticks to me last, why thin I naterally takes fust place.

"Well, you've got the draw on me, so there's no need for further talk," I snapped.

"I don't know about thet," reflected Donald, as he adroitly closed in the shutters

Donald, as he adroitly closed in the shutters with his left hand behind his back, and then drew up a chair by my side, "on the contrary. I perpose a convintion to consider tarms, which may lead to a mutocal sider tarms, which may lead to a mutoon composition, as the queer-maker said while he mixed up his mitals. I stand to cop somethin', av course, by deliverin' you over to the warden, but I'd git full as much for Smithers alone, besides goin' sheers with the Deestrick Attarney's man in plain clothes on the reward out aginst him for scoffin' that gal Rosie on the night was been also as the reward out aginst him for scoffin' that gal Rosie on the night you bot' sloped down the rope. Do you see now the tindency of me propositun? Put me nixt to Smithers, where I kin git

Put me nixt to Smithers, where I kin git the drop on him, and it's a lang good bye for verself, for all of me."

That apprehensive trembling returned with doublest force when I realized the awful significance of these words. Then, Rosie was dead; then, the blow had killed, which I thought would merely stun. Then, I was a—No, I could not admit it even to myself the blood rushed so violently to nyself, the blood rushed so violently tion, sentence, execution, that flashed ross my mental vision. One sense, one apidly recurring pictures of ross my mental vision. One sense, one oling, one determination remained fixed, constant; I would do anything, everything, rather than face that horrible fate.

"How do I know I can trust you?" I

"A repater here," responded the shoe-maker. "How do I know likewise? Whin it's di'mond cut di'mond, the unly thing to consider is the rilative valoors of peace or war. It isn't likely, is it, that if I trusts meself to be led by you to Smithers's hidin' piace, I cud master the two of youse to onct, gun or no gun. On the odder side, you can't be wuss off than you are this prisent, while if you gets away alone, free prisent, while if you gets away alone, free rom the incumbrince of this murder harge agin him, the chances are you'll how do you know that they won't ld you as a 'cossory annyway, or p'raps held you as a 'cessory annyway, or p'raps string you up on the gineral principles. Whin the public is aroused as they be over this case, there'd be no lack of ividence, I ted you, to bring the likes of you plum within the statoot. In fine, thin, Jarge, a sperut of arbitratun is the sperut of civilizatun; and it is in sech a sperut I now appales to your good sinse as a man of the world!

For answer I sprang from the bed and For answer I sprang from the bed and hastily denned my clothing. Old Donald was right I couldn't be worse off, my liberty, my life, depended on my putting Smathers in my place. What did I care for our long association, what, for his unswerving iovalty? In the midst of a catalysm, the only rational rule of conduct is to save yourself.

We creat out on the veranda roof. The

We crept out on the veranda roof. The We crept out on the veranda roof. The hotel front was stark and ghostly, unbroken by a single light. The full moon rode in the zenith, transforming the bare, lonely prospect into beauty and diffusing a calm, a peace, strangely at variance with the rage, the terror, in my heart.

"I'll go fust," said the shoemaker, carefully fastening the revolver in his belt, and if you tries to queer me, like stippin on my fingers or kickin my cronk, I'll live long enough to plug you, mark thet." And over and down he west, unmolested by me. That was an unreal journey of ours along

That was an unreal journey of ours along the white road, over the lifeless plain, until we struck the rough trail of the pass. As I look back I, too, might have been dead, so far as ordinary human interests were concerned—a spectre despatched on a mission, and knowten passed the serve its were concerned—a spectre despatched on a mission, and knowing naught save its fulfilment. The moon rays struck me-coldly there was a chill, too, in the night air, yet the quivering of my flesh, the ice in my blood, came from within. I neither spoke myself, nor heard Donald's incessant chattering. One question reschoing from spoke myself, nor heard Donaid's incessant chattering. One question, reschoing from some forgotten day of my boyhood, kept recurring, repeating, persisting, "What will a man give in exchange for his life?" will a man give in exchange for his life?" Anything, everything, oh, my God, all possible things, was my unvarying, con-

At length we approached the centre of the pass, where in a widening space, the little shack had been thrown up against the precipitous rock. Its shadow stood out dimly, yet Donald's sharp little eyes caught it. He stopped abruptly; he seized ne by the shoulder and shook me. "Damyer," he growled, "wake up. D'ye hink I kin wuk a job with a man in a tranet?

Is that the hut beyant? We've come more'n the tin mile you spoke of, I reckon." I did wake up. In the sudden realization that the crucial moment had arrived, the blood once more throbbed botly in my veins, summoning every particle of my being to action. In a whisper I told him that this was the agreed rendezvous, and that if he would stand at one side of the door, I could readily make some excuse, and that if the would readily make some excuse.

ASLEEP AFTER TWO DRINKS.

THIS MAN SUSPICIOUS OF PRIENDLY INVITATIONS NOW.

Visit to a Friend Getting Straightened Out After a Spree-Ingenuity of the Friend in Providing Himself With

There is a certain lower Broadway real estate broker who has manifested great suspicion in his manner toward his friends for the last ten days. When one of his friends says, "Have one?" this real estate broker scrutinizes the countenance of the speaker intently to ascertain whether he has any lurking grin in the interstices of his face. If the grin is absent the broker accepts the invitation or declines, as he elects, and resumes his wonted manner of geniality. If, however, the grin is there, the broker reddens and growls things in his mustache and charges off as if mortally offended. And his friends. all of whom know the reason underlying the broker's queer conduct when invited to take a drink, have assuredly been toying with him a great deal lately. This broker is a middle-aged, conserva

tive, sedate man, an even liver and a very moderate drinker. Nearly two weeks ago he heard that an old friend and business associate, a man addicted to the habit of going off on periodical sprees of great bulk and magnitude, was undergoing the old process of getting fixed up in one of the uptown private hospitals. This was in accordance with the broker's friend's invariable plan in such cases. At the wind-up of his sprees he always had himself conveyed to this private hospital to be taken in hand and brought around

"I guess I'll run up after office hours this evening and see John," good-heartedly said the broker to himself when he heard the news about his old associate. "He's always feeling blue and down in the mouth when he's being hauled out of one of these sad messes by the medical men, and I'll sad messes by the mesical men, and it just trot up to the hospital and sit with the foolish old chap for a while."

So up to the hospital he went. He found his old friend, who had been in the hospital for two days, in a very comfortable room and in a not uncheerful frame of mind.

"Nametry," said the broker.

Naughty, naughty!" said the broke holding up a warning finger, when he had shaken hands with his reclining friend. "Heard you were here, John, and thought I'd drop in and roast you up a bit and bring you a magazine or so and cool the fevered brow and hold your hand and so on. How

you making out?"
"Bully," said the broker's friend, resting his elbow on the pillow and his head in his hand. "Don't feel like trying to bust the pole-vaulting record or anything like that, but I guess I'il do. How's the bunch?" They talked along for fifteen or twenty minutes and then the broker's friend's face took on an expression of extreme craftiess as he threw off the coverings and sat up on the edge of the bed
"Have a nip, Tom?" he said to the broker,

eyeing him narrowly.
"Nip?" said the broker, surprised. "Nip
o' what?" "Why, the old stuff, of course," was the eply. "Don't think I'd ask you to join

me in a pink lemonade up here, do y
"But, John," said the broker, "I c
know they let you have the stuff
Thought they tapered you off strictly Thought they tapered you off strictly with miniature doses and all that sort of thing "Sh-sh" said the broker's friend, with a mysterious wink. "Never breathe a waird of this not a w-a-i-r-d, waird-but lookee here," and he reached under the mattress at the head of the bed and produced a flat, pint flask, nearly full and held

"Oho!" exclaimed the broker. "Smug-"Ono: exclaimed the broker. Singled goods, eh?"
"Sh-sh!" again said his friend. "Nope, not smuggled. It's this way. I had that flask empty, in my grip when I came. Now they give a fellow here miserable, teenchy drinks, about two fingers you know not nough to get any action on when they're I only pretended to dr as the nurse went out I dunped the drinks into this bottle that I dug out of my grip. See? Wanted to heard up enough to get to feeling sociable. And it simellow goods. Have one," and the foxy one handed the ottle and a glass over to the broker. The broker didn't want to offend his old-

The broker didn't want to offend his old-time friend by refusing, and, anyhow, he was in the habit of taking a nip or so as an appetizer before dinner. So he poured himself out a pretty fair drink, smiling amusedly over his friend's manner of hoarding the liquor, and tossed it off. It tasted pretty good. His friend took a good-sized one, too, and they went on talk-ing. Presently, the broker felt the drink tingling at the ends of his fingers, and he decided that he was about right to go to dinner. So he put on his overcoat.

decided that he was about right to go to dinner. So he put on his overcoat.

"Better have one more before you go," said the broker's friend handing over the bottle. "Make the circulation circ."

By this time the first drink had diffused a sort of warm, sicepy glow throughout the broker's frame, and he was yawning a good deal. He concluded that another drink would about wake him up.

drink would about wake him up.
"Oh, I don't mind," said he, and he poured himself out a good, stiff drink from his himself out a good, stiff drink from his friend's surreptitious bottle and drank it. He remained with his friend another four or five minutes while the latter was taking a drink himself and talking about some business affairs, and when he finally shook hands and started out he was strangely sleepy. He couldn't understand this. A couple of glasses of liquor had never had such a "dopey" effect upon him before. He joggled his head from side to side in an effort to shake off the drowsiness as he passed down the hall of the hospital, but it was of no use. He seemed to be get-

as he passed down the hall of the hospital, but it was of no use. He seemed to be getting sleepier and sleepier every minute.

"By George," muttered the real estate man to himself as he passed down the stairs to the first floor of the hospital, holding on to the bannister. "This is odd! Wonder what's the matter with me? I feel like lying down. Must ha' been that warm room or something."

He shook himself sturdily and stood up straight as he could when he reached the straight as he could when he reached the first floor of the hospital, and yet the slumberous feeling grew upon him rapidly.

"By Jingo, if I don't get out into the air
pretty soon, I'll fall asleep standing up."
he said to himself, as he let himself out of

the hospital's front door.

But the rush of cool air that he encountered didn't in the slightest degree countered didn't in the slightest degree abate the overpowering sleepy feeling that seemed to make his head as heavy as lead. He stood on the landing of the hospital steps for a moment, holding his hat in his hand so as to give the cool breeze full play upon his leaden head. By this time darkness had fallen. The desire for rest was too strong for the real estate broker. He sat down on the top step and rested his head against the stone coping. that if he would stand at one side of the door, I could readily make some excuse, after a talk with Smithers, to send him outside where he might be captured. Donald nodded his head and silently took his station, alive to the situation, and for once solered by it, while I entered the shack.

Smithers was sitting on a log before the mengre blaze of a few twigs, his head in his hands, a melancholy sight. He looked up languidly, expressing neither surprise or apprehension at my arrival, though it could mean but one thing.

"I was a thinkin', Jarge," he said, "that if Rosie had orly stuck to me, I wud now be in the persituin to make ricompense.

"I don't understand—" I interrupted the broker. He sait down on the top step and rested his head against the stone coping. There he was found, about half an hour later, still slumbering A young physician attached to the hospital had stumbled against him in skipping up the hospital against him in skipping against him in skipping attached to the hospital had stumbled against him in skipping against him i

bottle of his friend's from which he had taken a couple of swigs.

The two doctors didn't roll on the floor, but they did everything else of a mirthful character that could exhibit their enjoyment of the situation. After a while one of them was able to compose himself sufficiently to say a word of explanation to the angry broker.

ficiently to say a word of explanation to the angry broker.

"My friend," said the physician, "there was enough of a sleeping preparation in each glass of that whiskey of your ingenious friend to have floored a man with normal nerves, such as you have, for a solid twenty-four hours or more. And you took two slugs of it, you say? Well, you might have gone right on slumbering until next Decoration Day if you hadn't been found.

The superintendent of the hospital. The superintendent of the hospital, knowing the real estate broker so well, couldn't keep the story, and on the following day it was all over lower Broadway. And this accounts for the broker's odd conduct when his friends, in the most matter-of-fact way in the world, ask him to

NEW WAR MATERIAL.

A New Portable Tent New Rapid-Fire Field Guns for Sweden

Switzerland has adopted for its arm; new portable tent which has some novel eatures. The tents are formed by combining a number of units, greater or less according to the kind of tent required. Each unit comprises a square piece of canvas and a triangular end, a rope, a pole in three parts and three tent pegs, weighing in all 1830 grammes. Each officer is entitled to two units, while the soldiers have two units for every three men, and these are carried by the men not carrying ntrenching tools.

The great advantage of this system of units is that tents of various forms may be put up by simply uniting the units in various ways, thus giving the greatest comfort under different conditions of opography of ground, climate or number men. The simplest form is the ordinary shelter tent for three men; or, a number of these may be placed end to end forming a single long tent for a section or even large body of men; or, the units may be so united as to form a large or small canvas house, or a simple shelter against the sun or prevailing wind, entirely open on one side; finally the units can be used as a rain coat, or as a protection against cold.

Sweden has just adopted a new rapidfire field gun after a series of competitive tests between the Ehrhardt, the Cockerill and the Krupp systems.

The Krupp 75 cm. rapid-fire gun or carriage with elastic spade was adopted, and wo batteries for the horse artillery and 120 guns and a corresponding number of cassons for the field artillery were ordered. The system with elastic spade was defi-nitely adopted for the horse artillery in preference to that of recoil on the carriage, out for the field artillery the tests are still going on between these two systems. Authority has been obtained to manufac-

ture this material at home in Sweden.

The 7.5 (nearly 3 in.) rapid-fire gun fires a projectile weighing 14.3 pounds with a nuzzle velocity of 1,640 foot-seconds. The muzzle velocity of 1,440 foot-seconds. The maximum range is 6,000 metres (over 7,200 yards). The piece, complete weighs 3,520 pounds, and the caisson the same.

Norway has just completed the competitive tests of the Saint-Chamend, Schneider Canet and Ehrhardt rapid-fire field guye and adopted the last-mentioned.

field guns and adopted the last-mentioned system, ordering 132 guns, 192 caissons 36 pack wagons, 24 tool wagons and 50 rounds of ammunition per gun, all the material, after the purchase of the first limited lot, to be manufactured at home. Norway. The United States are now testing types

of various rapid-fire field guns at the Sandy of various rapid-fire field guns at the Sandy Hook Proving Grounds, which will proba-bly soon give our army a modern rapid-fire field gun.

The Hotchkiss company has placed its new machine gun model of 1901 on the mar-ket. In general design and in detail it is a radical departure from all former types, and may be arranged to fire any model of small-arms ammunition.

small-arms ammunition. The principle underlying the construcon of this gun is the utilization of a portion the powder gas, by means of which, after first cartridge has been fired by hand, the various operations of the breech action, feeding mechanism, firing and extraction of empty cartridge cases, are performed of the gunner. Slow fire may be delivered

at any rate up to about 100 rounds per minute, and rapid fire up to 600 rounds per minute. gun consists of a single barrel, contains the operating mechanism: below and parallel to it is secured a hollow cylinder which is in communication with a pert drilled through the barrel. Contained in this cylinder is a piston, on which are formed suitable cams for operating the breech-block, the firing and the feed mechanism. On discharge accounts of the contained of the conta mechanism. On discharge, as soon as a bullet has passed the port connecting bore and cylinder, the powder gas enters a chamber in the front end of the cylinder and throws the piston to the rear, where it is held by a sear. On releasing the sear, by pressing the trigger, the piston is thrown forward to its initial position by the main-spring. The piston by its motion opens the breech, pushes the cartridge into the chamber, closes the breech and fires. If the trigger be held back the fire will be kept me continually and automatically

up continually and automatically

Two men are required to work the gun,
but in case of necessity a single man can

The gun weighs 53 pounds. For land service it is generally mounted on a field tripod and transported on pack animals. tripod and transported on pack animals, one mule carrying gun, tripod and 800 rounds of animunition, weighing in all 237 pounds, carrying each 1800 cartridges, weighing with saddle 235 pounds. For field service on fair roads it is mounted on a travelling carriage, with limber, the total weight behind team being 1246 pounds, which is well within the limits for two-horse draft.

Other mountings are the parapet mount-

Other mountings are the parapet mount-ing, designed for service in field works, and permanent fortifications, and the naval tripod, rail and masthead mountings.

LOST KENTUCKY SUPREMACY. Fields in Which the Hine Grass State Has

Been Beaten by Its Competitors. During the many years in which Kentucky, traditionally the Dark and Bloody Ground, gave Democratic majorities without flinching or wavering, it enjoyed un-challenged distinction as the chief among American States in the product of good whiskey, fast horses, fine hemp and tobacco, and as containing the largest cave n the United States and the largest num-

er of distilleries. With the changes which have come about With the changes which have come about in Kentucky many of its former distinc-tions have been ruthlessly swept away. From Manila comes, under the protection of the American flag, a grade of hemp far superior in quality to any produced in Kentucky, from Cuba comes the finest Kentucky, from Cuba comes the finest tobacco. Illinois is now first among the States in the product of whiskey and in the number of its distilleries. Virginia has the largest cave and New York has become in recent years the chief head-quarters for fine horses, as the racing interests of the country in trotting as well as ruining have gravitated to the racing stables here.

PETS CHINESE ARE FOND OF

BIRDS, FISH AND ANDIALS HIGHLY PRIZED IN THE ORIENT.

Sparrows That Are Made to Fight and Thrushes to Do Tricks - Monkeys Both Decorative and Edible The Tiny Sleeve Dogs and Flerce Bloodhounds

-Fancies of New York Chinese

Of the outside of New York's Chimaton almost every one knows something of the inner life and the homes of nese community comparatively hitle is known. The restaurants, the Joss House the shops are open to all the inquisitive but the house door is shut and there John Chinaman makes his stand. There are, however, certain visitors who have to trouble in finding an open sesame. Here as in their own country, the Chinese are exceedingly fond of pets of all kinds, and a bird, a monkey, a cat finds a welco the average home of Chinatown

The men who deal in birds and small fish and animals say that the Chinese are among their regular customers.

"John likes singing birds," said dealer recently. 'I sell a great many canaries to Chinamen; but then they buy parrots and cockatoos and macaws If a bird won't sing they want him to be gorgeous. They like gold fish, too. I've sent a lot of aquariums down to Mott and Doyers and Pell streets, and I've sold any number of little monkeys down there A SUN reporter strolled down to China-

own, not in the hope of seeing the live stock collection, but to pick up more formation concerning the Chinese attitude toward pets, and found that the bird store man had told the truth. A bland and imperturbable Oriental warmed into husiasm that made his queue quiver when he was finally persuaded to talk at-

pets of his family and friends in the He himself had once had a fighting row, a fighting sparrow of parts, and won many matches with him, parties one famous match with Ah Ling, wh the reporter gathered, was a son of and a hideous blot upon the gaming of Canton. He had a wily way of his adversary's birds; but in this one his favorite sparrow was made into what-ever is the Chinese equivalent for mines-meat. Possibly chop sucy will do for the

Fighting sparrows are, it seems, dear to the Chinese heart. So are game The game cocks last longer, but the rows have no superior for nerve and The game cocks last longer, but the spar-rows have no superior for nerve and plick, and a Chinaman values a game cock or a sparrow beyond most of his possessions, and fights the birds at every opportunity. After fighting birds he loves best a trick bird, which is for preference a Hua Mee or thrush. Almost every Chinaman of con-sequence owns trick birds, will spend pa-tient hours in their training, and delights tient hours in their training, and delig to show them off. Song birds are populate, thou can be con-too, canaries, thrushes, larks. The Chi-man who owns a fine Mongolian lark man who owns a me mongonan lark with ordinarily refuse tempting offers for it, and if the tales of the almond-eyed en-thusiast of Pell street are true, many a poor coolie owns and cherishes a lark for which he might get from \$20 to \$100

which he might get from \$20 to \$100
Pigeons, jays, parrots, owls, all birds that
will stand captivity, are numbered among
Chinese pets. Then there are the monkeys.
A Donk monkey rivals a game cock or a
lark in the Chinaman's heart. There are
other monkeys of course. The Donk is
only for the rich and fortunate. One may buy a stupid little Canton monkey striped blue and white, for 15 or 20 cents, and with

blue and white, for 15 or 20 cents, and with him the poorer Chinese must be content. Other monkeys run the gamut of charm and price, but the Donk from Cochin China is the heart's desire of the Chinese monkey fancier, and a thing of beauty he is with his spotted gray body, his brown and white arms, his crimson legs, his black forehead, his orange cheeks and chin, and his luxuriant lemon-colored whiskers. Every impressionist painter should own a Donk. The little brute would furnish unlimited insufration. A Fi Fi monkey is valued highly in China but descriptions of his appearance are not so picturesque, though he is a fine mixture of green and yellow and gray

mixture of green and yellow and gray. His flavor appears to be a greater title to immortality than his beauty. He is the immortality than his beauty. He terrapin of his province, but, like he is a dish for plutocrats. Only can afford him or their menu
Weasels have many Chinese friends and
admirers. They are used for rat catching and serve a double purpose, giving an outlet for Chinese sporting blood at the same time that they stock the larder. For

cats the Chinese do not care much, though they have a handsome species of cat, much like the Angora in appearance. With a few exceptions, the Chinese dog cannot bid for popularity against the monkeys

bid for popularity against the monkeys and birds.

Europe and America have imported certain kinds of Chinese dogs within recent years and set a high value upon them. Queen Victoria had one of the first Pekin spaniels in England and the tiny dogs are a fad with several of the most prominent women in the English notifity.

The wealthy Chinese carry toy dogs in their voluminous sleeves, a fact which has given the pets the name of sleeve dogs. Many of them do not weigh more than six ounces, but they are clever little creatures and have mighty spirits in their diminutive bodies, being ready to tackle anything in dog shape from a Pokin poodle to a Chinese bloodhound. These bloodhounds, by the way, are as savage and strong as the Siberian bloodhounds, and one of them will often do up a bear, while two of them can handle a pack of wolves. one of them will often do up a bear, while two of them can handle a pack of wolves. The most common dog of China is the Canton chow dog. He is just a common yellow dog kicked and cuffed by every one,half-starved,but a dog to love—shaggy, sturdy, faithful, affectionate, honest. There is no watch dog in the country like him, and the more a master abuses him, the more the chow dog's red brown eyes speak devation and adoration.

devation and adoration.

The wealthy Chinese are fond of deer and keep them in their gardens, and the sturdy Chinese pony is a family friend. He looks a good deal like a Shetland and the sheromenth and statistics. has phenomenal strength and staying qualities. He can, under persuasion, at tain a very fair speed, too, and is used for racing purposes, though chiefly by

FORTY-SIX HOURS IN A WELL. Conaway's Long Walt, Walst Deep in Mud and Water.

From the Minneapolis Times. DES MOINES, Ia, Oct 18 - Forty-six hours pinioned fast in a deep well, half covered with dirt and bricks, unable to help himself. but able to communicate with friends at the surface, is the experience of A. C. Comworf

of Adams county, well digger.
The well was thirty two feet deep, with wood, and he had begun the ; taking out the plank and putting in a curb Four loads of brick had been it to him, when the walls caved in on his upper half of the wood curbing rebut the lower half broke, and some